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New York Representative, SMITH-WILBERDING
SPECIAL AGENT, TRIBUNE BUILDING.
Chicago Representative, CHARLES A. BARNARD,
Boyle Building.
FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1908.

A Lesson in Prosperity.

The condition of the banks of Washington was never a subject of remark among business men except to praise. The aggressive and, at the same time, wise foresight of Washington bankers has created an enviable reputation throughout the commercial world for the financial institutions of the District of Columbia. Even in the times of severe stress last autumn, the banks of Washington were not pressed, and steadily went forward, paying all demands in currency, keeping themselves in a perfectly liquid condition to meet all reasonable demands. Some of them carried an unusual and almost unnecessary amount of currency.

The statement made by the banks last week showed a most healthy condition. The combined deposits have reached the splendid sum of \$60,857,437.44, an increase of nearly \$10,000,000 since the statement made in March. The combined assets of the banks of Washington have now attained the magnificent sum of more than \$200,000,000.
Another most striking example of the wisdom with which the national banks, trust companies, and savings banks have been conducted is shown by comparison of the combined surplus with the combined capital. The surplus has grown to \$4,658,000, which is a 60 per cent increase in the combined capital stock of the banks. Besides, this surplus has been made in addition to the attractive dividends that are being paid by the banks of the city.

With the splendid banking institutions of Washington there will be a lack of business acumen and a falling short of opportunity if Washington does not rapidly grow in commercial importance. It is the decree of destiny that she shall grow, and grow magnificently.

A Philadelphia man recently stole a trolley car. If he should get into politics over there, he would evidently be perfectly at home.

The Compromise Currency Bill.

The new currency bill is a curious legislative product. Compounded of the Aldrich bill, which the House at first refused to accept, and of the Vreeland bill, which was summarily kicked out of the Senate, it contains the essential features of both—"two iniquities compose a perfect good," as John Sharp Williams cleverly phrased the new Republican maxim of statecraft. The truth is that neither of the original measures was wholly iniquitous, nor is the resultant combination a counsel of perfection. Radically different principles controlled the composition of the Aldrich and Vreeland bills, and the present bill contemplates a trial of both principles. There will be asset currency for such banks as prefer to issue that sort of currency, and bond-secured currency for the banks owning bonds that will pass muster at the Treasury Department. We shall witness an experimental competition, as it were, between rival currency theories and projects, hoping that the survival of the fittest may determine for us the direction which future financial legislation shall take. Not an ideal method of going about a reform of the currency, but characteristic of the muddled state of sentiment on the currency question both in and out of Congress.

We are inclined to think that the compromise measure, though doubtless many flaws may be picked in it by experts, will, if enacted into law, mark a serious advance toward betterment of our currency system. For it introduces into our system an asset currency, which our financial experts assure us is the scientific form of notes of issue. No radical change will be accepted, in the present unsettled state of public opinion, until after trial, as Mr. Burton, of Ohio, well said, and the new currency bill affords opportunity for a test of the currency principle and for the development of a public opinion favorable to it should it prove responsive to the needs of the business community. The passage of any sort of a currency bill recognizing the principle of an asset currency seemed impossible at the opening of the session. Here it is well-nigh accomplished, as the resultant of forces, political and otherwise, into which it would not be flattering to inquire too closely, but of a nature often operative in effecting important legislation. We think that the advocates of a currency based on general banking resources have a very good foundation in the Vreeland end of the compromise for the development of the scientific currency system they have been exploiting for some time past.

It may be that there is no necessity, other than a political one, for the enactment of this legislation. There is plenty of money now lying idle in the banks, and we have excellent authority for the belief that there will be an ample supply of crop-moving currency. We shall know more as to that next fall. But if the need should arise, it will be a pressing need, affecting the general prosperity as well as the political fortunes of the Republic.

publican party, and provision for the issuance of an emergency currency may prove exceedingly valuable. The Treasury will not be able to come to the relief of the money market this autumn, except through the issue of a temporary currency; so that, all things considered, the administration and the country will feel safer with the new currency available.

It appears that our fleet beat all of its own records at target practice in Magdalena Bay. It also appears there were not any other records worth while trying to beat.

Artful Sidelighting.

It seems to us that prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists alike should be able to get a good, hearty laugh out of a recent case tried in North Carolina involving an alleged violation of the liquor laws of that State. The case was entirely unusual, and not of such a nature that it will constitute an especially important precedent.

It seems that a young Mr. Reynolds recently gave a banquet to some friends in the Tar Heel State, at which champagne was served not altogether wisely or too well. The serving of wine at such functions being contrary to law in the Commonwealth, Mr. Reynolds was promptly yanked before the grand jury for maintaining a sort of glorified "blind tiger," called upon to explain where he "got it," and escaped punishment on the ground that he secured the wine from a drug store on a physician's prescription, the physician being one Dr. Pritchard. At the subsequent trial of Dr. Pritchard, so a North Carolina contemporary informs us, it was alleged that young Reynolds was a patient of Dr. Pritchard, and the latter had prescribed a stimulant for Reynolds on account of athletic training Reynolds was taking, and that on this particular occasion young Reynolds had appropriated his champagne for the entertainment of his friends. On this showing, Dr. Pritchard was cleared, and went his way rejoicing.

Now wicked ones are giggling and guffawing in suppressed tones down North Carolina way as though something very clever had been pulled off. And we don't know but that the entire transaction is a pretty good joke. To misquote the Bible, and further misquote Mr. Thomas Dixon's misquotation thereof, "The law moves in a most mysterious way its blunders to perform." We think the lime technically releasing Dr. Pritchard in this case is quite as tenable and worthy of profound respect as some of the technicalities that have served to free offenders of much more serious character. His wrongdoing, in the very nature of things, cannot become general-for patients with champagne pocketbooks are few and far between-but he employed no very new weapon in his defense. He slipped through the law's hands because he had a smooth lawyer to grease the way for him. The genial doctor has given us a good laugh, if he hasn't absolutely introduced us to a novelty in criminal practice and pleading.

Mr. Thomas E. Watson has had his Presidential nomination on straight for quite a number of weeks now, but no side tracks or private telegraph wires have been run in the direction of his residence yet.

Quality of Immigration.

In spite of the fears expressed in some quarters as to the quantity of immigrants that flock to the United States, it would seem that if there is any social or industrial danger in immigration it comes not so much from quantity as from quality. Significant is a statement just issued by the Immigration Restriction League of Boston which has compiled tables showing the change in the quality of immigration coming to this country within the past twenty years.

In 1887, for instance, Germany contributed 22 per cent of the total immigration to the United States, Italy 10 per cent, Austria-Hungary 9 per cent, and Russia 6 per cent. Within twenty years we find this change-for the figures are for 1907: Germany is now contributing only 3 per cent, Italy 24 per cent, Austria-Hungary 24 per cent, and Russia 22 per cent.

Undoubtedly among the most valuable immigration that the United States has received must be reckoned that from Germany. Quiet, orderly, industrious, thrifty, the work the Germans have done in building up the great North and Central divisions of this continent can hardly be overestimated. If we are to have immigrants, it would seem to be highly desirable that we should encourage those of the best and most useful class, and discourage the immigrants from those countries that send us their shiftless, lazy trouble-makers.

The Boston League for restriction of immigration expresses the opinion that the flood of immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe has done much to drive the German immigrants into other fields. It declares:

"The reasons for this falling off are various, such as the development of industrial life in Germany and the diverting of German immigration to South America, where larger returns are open to them. Without doubt one of the most important reasons, however, is the dislike of Germans to competing with the lower grades of Slavic and South Italian labor, which has come to America in such large numbers in the last twenty years, displacing German workmen in the Pennsylvania coal mines and in many of the industries in which factory labor is employed. This reason is, indeed, given by many of the Germans themselves, and the story of this supplanting of German labor is immediately written home by those already here, and this prevents the immigration of many who would otherwise come."

This is a matter that certainly deserves the best attention of our immigration authorities. Hardly anything could be more important than the securing of desirable immigrants while putting restrictive checks on undesirable immigration. We are quick enough to resent the immigration of Asiatics; we should be equally keen on keeping out those immigrants who, once established here under the protection of our laws, maintain their horrible secret societies, preach anarchy and the violent sorts of socialism; who get what they can from the country and do little in return. The more we get of the undesirable the less room and the less instant opportunity there is for that class of immigrants who settle on the

waste land, clear it, build homes, and bring up their children into sturdy American citizenship.

A New York dispatch printed in this paper on May 15, referring to a notable article in the Medical Journal by Dr. S. T. Royter, of Norfolk, Va., on "The Medical Profession's Duty to the Children of America," incorrectly quoted him as saying: "Unfortunately, maternal feeling in this country is fearfully on the decrease." The word he used in the article was "feeling," not "feeling." This typographical error did not Dr. Royter, and, through him, the women of America, a serious injustice. He held that mothers of this country were "in appalling need of instruction in the rearing of their children," but he did not charge that they lacked maternal feeling. On the contrary, he believes that the women of America are as devoted mothers as can be found anywhere.

Milk has recently been reduced an average of about a cent a quart all over the United States. Unfortunately, however, you can't put it out the window and keep it fresh now like you can in the winter time.

Rudolph Speckles and his family are said to be suffering a social boycott in San Francisco because of his activity in the matter of breaking up—or attempting to break up—the Schmitz-Ruef gang. The slick politicians appear to be about the only ones who know how to play safe on the "reform" business.

Let us hope that Senator-elect Calkins' campaign in Oregon was free from all suggestion of the misuse of "dough."

"Everything is small in this world," says a top-sliced philosopher. Did you ever see one of those "Merry Widow" hats under full sail, pessimistic one?

"The art of letter-writing has suffered with the introduction of picture post cards," says the Tacoma Ledger. And a number of erstwhile gentle dispositions have also been sadly damaged from the same cause.

The Georgia legislature is to reassemble soon. A lot of rather thirsty people down there view the situation with equanimity, however. They cannot be convinced that it can possibly make things worse.

"I never bet a million in my life," said John W. Gates recently. Many of us can go further than that, however, and say, with positive certainty, that we never will.

Upon a certain festival day recently the contributions in one New York church amounted to \$18,255.17. Wonder who the old "rightward" was who gave up the 17 cents?

The President discovered the House's non-appropriation joker in the battle ship bill in ample time to trump it with his Big Stick, however. And that generally turns the trick, regardless.

A Paris theater announces publicly that all women visiting it to witness matinees may wear their "Merry Widow" hats if they desire. We believe we smell a mouse somewhere. Is it the theater's idea to force every woman present and thus be decked to purchase three seats?

California produced 2,000 tons of salt last year, but evidently little, if any, of it was used to preserve the crop of San Francisco grafters. They seem to be quite as fresh as ever.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch says Richmond is the "climate climax" of the universe. Yet it would probably be as mad as a wet hen if it should refer to it in any way as "the limit."

Perhaps Judge Parker is going to Denver cherishing a hope that he may suffer the fate of the average innocent bystander, and get hit by the lightning, regardless.

If Castro just must have an apology from somebody, why doesn't he "sass" Abdul Hamid a few rounds. The Sultan would probably fill in a blank form and forward it to Venezuela.

"Rooms are to cost \$14 each at Denver during the convention," says a contemporary. So the delegates are expected to pay the hotels outright, are they?

"At least the 'Merry Widow' hat isn't as high as it might be," says the Chattanooga Times. If it's price you mean, it's high a-plenty; if it's height of crown you mean, that's because of a scarcity of straw, doubtless.

"Original Floradora girls" are getting scarce. Naturally, however; it has been some little time since that "original" bunch appeared.

We beg to inform the Houston Post that our well-bred and businesslike star-spangled shad—er, rather, so many of them as have survived the season—have retired to summer quarters, firmly resolved to make an anti-race suicide record between this and the 4th of next March calculated to make glad the heart of the President in more ways than one.

"No interest is so rapidly compounded as that on borrowed trouble," says the Charleston News and Courier. And yet nothing is to be borrowed on such slight collateral.

Two girlish writers on the Paris press are to fight a duel. If the weapons are to be woman's traditional ones, this is apt to be a serious matter for somebody.

Why not permit "Affinity" Earle to lecture one time. It would be more than apt to cure him of the lecture hanker.

A New York man is about to marry for the fifteenth time. Of course, it is impossible to eradicate an evidently hopeless habit like that!

We regret—rejoice—to report that the Prince of Wales won't visit this country this summer.

An Indiana man, given a fine of 10 cents or an alternative jail sentence, chose the latter. Some people are just that stingy, however.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

SPRINGTIME'S PRIDE.

This is her day.
I do aver.
Hats off, I say.
Therefore, to her.
Forgotten now is every fad.
The while we hail the sweet girl grad.

The springtime brings,
I do declare,
A lot of things
But nothing makes our hearts more glad
Than that delight, the sweet girl grad.

Lucky Escape.
"This commencement invitation says no flowers."
"Then let us send no flowers, by all means," advised Mr. Stinjay. "To do so would be an unparadise breach of etiquette, indeed."

A Dime Novel Reader.
"Did you tell Johnny to split that kindling?"
"Yes."
"Or he didn't do it."
"No; he said he'd swim in blood first."

Husbands to Board.
"Three of my girls are in love."
"What are you going to do about it?"
"Order a longer dining-room table, I guess."

Is This True?
Beyond the Alps lies Italy.
But here's the rub.
Beyond the altar lies, ah, me!
The washing tub.

As to a Friend.
"With all his faults, he had considerable public spirit."
"I never heard anything about that."
"He was a booster. But he never made a practice of getting his hair cut on Saturday afternoon."

How Did She Know?
The young man carefully removed the clasp from his vest pocket and placed them on the piano.
Then he opened his arms. But the young girl did not flutter to them.
"You," said she coldly, "have loved before."

In Demand.
"Let's invite him into our game."
"Oh, he's a hard loser."
"Still, he's always a loser."

BREAKFAST TABLE CHAT.

From the Detroit Free Press.

THE OLD MAX.
But yesterday I thought that I was just as young as my boy; There was no stunt I wouldn't try. No sport that I could not enjoy. I used to think that I could run As fast as any youngster small; But now I know that youth is done, I tried to play a game of ball.

I've had no rheumatism pains, Lungs I have never known; Alas, there's nothing now remains For me except the truth to own. My back is aching, stiff and sore. Upon my legs I scarce can crawl—Of course I need not tell you more, I tried to play a game of ball.

But yesterday I would have sworn The spring of youth I still possessed; But, O, I woke to find this morn'g That old age's shadow had been cast. Each step I take, each move I make Reminds me of my sudden fall; Sweet youth has left me in its wake, I tried to play a game of ball.

Didn't Like It.
"I didn't like that game yesterday. There was nothing exciting about it."
"No."
"No, the umpire didn't have a single chance to give the home team the worst of it."

Wondering.
"I'm wondering, I'm wondering. Throughout the evening day If this year it has larger grown, The fish that gets away."

When'er the sun is shining bright, I want to mind to stay; I want to mind to stay, I want to mind to stay, The fish that gets away."

I don't want hearsay evidence, merely wish to say I want to mind to stay myself, The fish that gets away."

I hope, I hope it won't be long. Before you'll read some day Mr. Watson's story of the fish. The fish that gets away."

He Ought To.
"Do you think he can afford to keep an auto?"
"I ought to. He's been an amateur photographer for three years and has not been able to break him."

Useless Discussion.
Mrs. Watson (at the social)—Do you think a wife ought to obey her husband?
Wilson—Really, my dear Mrs. Watson, I'm married myself, and there is positively nothing to be gained by discussing such a question.

Up In Society.
From the New York Herald.
The Springfield Republican, one of the fondest friends of W. E. Corey, president of the Steel Trust, is soon to be realized. His wife, Mabelle Gilman Corey, is said to have been "taken up" by the ultra-sport set in Paris. This because she is to play golf next week with Grand Duke Cyril of Russia. There may be some men who would not be so overjoyed at such honor, but they remember Cyril's banishment from Russia, his anything but heroic actions when the Petropavlovsk was sunk at Port Arthur, and his decidedly gay mornings along Broadway.

Was It All a Dream?
From the San Francisco Chronicle.
Gold is flowing out of the country at a great rate and nobody is worried about its flow, but there are some who are beginning to wonder whether the United States experienced a currency famine a few months ago or whether they dreamed there was one.

THE SIGNAL.
When I awoke and it was morning time, I said, "I cannot stay."
I saw the shadows of dawn, and I said, "I would have said, 'I cannot stay.'"
For loving death, he wears no kind of face, Sweet, smiling, and heart death—he hath all grace.

Now full sun taps the dial and too soon, And turning toward the west, I see the shadows of mid-morning.
Newfound I may not rest. I rather work, and while I work I pray: "Lord, let me die this ground another day!"

The Lord of gardens then he answers me: "Why then, I bid thee stay."
Thou hast had fellowship of plant and tree And grass and thicket wild. Pass on, and leave the meditating earth To bachelors entering at the gate of birth.

"Why shouldst thou gather all the dear bouquet Blommed out of love and grief? Others, dawn-lighted, dance this very way, Here lingering at brief."
Leave my fair garden weeded, and come see What sweet, still, earnest I have won for thee."

—Alice Brown, in Harper's Magazine.

CAPITOL GOSSIP.

Senator Robert Marion La Follette began his political career immediately after his admission to the bar, and has been in the public eye more or less ever since.

He was graduated from the State University of Wisconsin in 1879, and admitted to the bar the following year, his active life beginning when he secured, by the votes of Dane County, his election as district attorney. He was re-elected for a second term. From that position he stepped into the life of a national legislator, being elected to the Forty-ninth Congress. Twice after that he succeeded in winning a Congressional seat, but in 1890 success was turned to defeat, and he was left at home. In 1896 he was elected a delegate to the Republican national convention, and in 1904 was delegate-at-large from Wisconsin to the Republican national gathering of that year. Three times Mr. La Follette has been elected governor of Wisconsin, and his record as chief magistrate of the Badger State has been clean and brilliant one. He was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Hon. Joseph V. Quarles.

Senator La Follette, while a Republican, is stamped a reformer, and on many questions he is found to be on the opposite side. He has been ill the past session of Congress, but pulled himself together, in his usual determined way, to get the Senate ready for opposition to the Aldrich currency bill. For three afternoons he held the floor, delivering a masterful speech, and it was his persistency that caused Senator Aldrich to withdraw his bill. His passage of the bill, thus allowing its passage in the Senate. The Vreeland-Aldrich compromise measure has put the back, and Senator La Follette is ready for fight again, though far from well.

He is a member of six committees, serving as chairman of one. John Sharp Williams and Speaker Cannon yesterday engaged in a little pleasantries while the House was waiting for a print of a bill to be brought before it. Mr. Williams objected to "nothing" being brought before the House.

"Well, it was in order to send out in the mountains to find the one sheep," suggested the Speaker.

"That might have been all right for the Almighty, but not for the Speaker," rejoined Williams.

"Well, it's a good thing to get as near the Almighty as possible," replied "Uncle Joe."

Just then the page arrived with the bill.

The Congressional Club, composed of the wives and female relatives of members of Congress, was proposed for incorporation in a bill that passed the House yesterday.

The author of the bill is Representative Kahn, of California, and the object of the club is to promote acquaintance among its members and facilitate their social intercourse.

John Sharp Williams was about to work his filibuster against the bill when Mr. Kahn appealed to his recognized chivalry and disclosed that Mrs. Williams was the second named on the list of incorporators.

Mr. Williams conceded there should be no roll call on the bill and "if there was," he explained, "I fear there would be a great deal of domestic unhappiness in Washington."

Two members of the Big Five have had handed to them new names. Representative Clayton, of Alabama, talking, or rather bluffing, on the bill for the disposition of some obsolete brass cannon, referred to Floor Leader Payne as the brassy gentleman from New York, and that the worthy Speaker may be Obsolete Cannon for the remainder of the session.

Representative Payne objected to his new title, and called the Alabamian to order, but for a moment only, as Clayton continued in his big voice to allude to the brass of the Republican leader and the probable obsolete brass Cannon.

John Sharp Williams has been conducting a filibuster with more or less success, but the real filibuster was engineered by "Uncle Joe." It may not be classed under that head, but it was a filibuster, clean-cut and effective. "Uncle Joe" wanted a currency bill to strengthen some of the weaker spots in the defenses of some of the weaker members, and perhaps his own.

The differences of opinion were so great that a compromise was remote, and, as some thought, impossible. But not so the czar. He knew the boys wanted to get home, so he intimated to them, no currency bill, no adjournment. The calculations woke up to the fact that Uncle Joe was a filibuster, and that he was conducting a little filibuster of his own. They got together, and the currency bill was passed. Adjournment is in sight, and Uncle Joe is the "boss filibuster."

An Inn for Grief.
From the London Telegraph.
Near a cemetery, a wine shop has been discovered, with an attractive and thoughtful advertisement. The public house calls itself "At the Sign of the Return from the Funeral." The board underneath bears this considerate announcement: "Private rooms for persons desirous of weeping and still lower are the consoling words: 'Wines and spirits of the best quality.'"

He Ever Will Be.
From the New York Mail.
John Barrett, of the Bureau of American Republics, told the S. G. C. of Fairmont Seminary, Washington, that the director would be dominated by women.

Director Barrett reasons as a man who predicts that the sun will rise on the morrow.

Chance for a Row.
From the Indianapolis News.
The settlement of 187 contests for places in the Republican convention ought to be exciting enough to command the interest of the most exacting practical politician.

Getting Famous Again.
From the New York World.
Milwaukee city employees are to be forbidden to rush the growler in working hours. In Milwaukee.

Not Emergent.
From the Brooklyn Standard Union.
The only trouble with emergency currency appears to be its failure to emerge.

CITIZENSHIP TOO CHEAP.

We Should Guard More Closely Our National Electorate.

From Leslie's Weekly.
If it means anything to live in a republic, and if this republic pretends to consider the welfare and happiness of the individuals who make up its body politic, then citizenship is worth something; not only worth something, but it is the greatest and most valuable gift within our power, including, as it does, all other gifts and benefits. Yet there is no other official act of the State which is handled so carelessly as the conferring of citizenship papers. By our own treatment of the act we bring it into contempt. We allow not only the densely ignorant but the criminal to buy it or to cheat us for it; we allow petty and corrupt officials to traffic in it. Because we admit so dangerous a class that lives less as citizens and more as individuals, we are less secure by reason of their presence even the face value of citizenship conveyed in the past is lowered. We have no right thus to cheapen the privilege already rendered so worthless by our own hands.

Some progress has, of course, been made. Naturalization officials state that because of new laws scarcely a single political hater has been seen hovering around the naturalization office in New York City, and that few foreigners applying for papers seem to have been sent by politicians. This is, of course, due to the fact that the 15th of March was the last day on which application could be filed with the chance of becoming an American citizen in time to vote next November. Moreover, we are watching more closely for criminality and disease at our entrance ports than ever before; but it is easier to improve upon former unsatisfactory conditions, and still not be doing one-quarter enough.

The time is coming when our public will awaken to the fact that vast sums spent in subsidizing mob violence, pure assassins, and ferreting out Black-Hand crime might better be spent, and spent more effectively, in guarding our national gateways. It is easier to keep out the evil elements than to correct them after they are once admitted.

OLD METHODS REVIVED.

Republican Tactics Insure a United Democracy Under Mr. Bryan.

Henry Watterson, in Louisville Courier-Journal.
Well, he is going to be nominated all the same, and, if they can fool more than half the people all the time, maybe they will beat him; but they will have a united Democracy, making an aggressive campaign, to meet upon every foot of fighting ground—especially between the Alleghenies and the Rockies—the one great paramount issue being the Republic versus the Plutocracy.

The disposition of the publicity bill settles that. Nobody can now doubt that the Republicans hope only to carry the election by linking the electorate. The same scheme of 1900 and 1904 by the insurance investigations is to be relied on to flood the country with campaign funds stolen from the widow and the orphan, blasted out of the railways and the banks, siphoned from labor by frying the fat out of the manufacturer. Nor is this all. The bloody shirt is again to be hoisted as a sectional and party shibboleth. The color line is to be invoked to hold the Northern negroes in the evil passion which lust of power and money greed can call to their aid—much desperation and despair can kindle in the minds of the depraved and become the ready agent for the corrupting of the sources of our political being in this last, final stand of the money devil, quipping Scripture and buying votes; prating of morality and reform, while seeking to undermine the confidence of the people and the law of the land.

GOOD WORD FOR CONGRESS.

Fairly Patriotic Body Despite All Its Shortcomings.

From the New York Sun.
Strictly speaking, no Congress is a "do nothing" Congress. Few realize the amount of work and the research involved in the preparation and consideration of the appropriation bills. It is even possible to say with truth that Congress, instead of being made a target for criticism for spending \$1,000,000,000, is entitled to no little credit for not spending \$2,000,000,000.

Appropriations are asked in sums ranging from a few dollars up to the hundreds of millions. A truly enormous amount is refused at every session. Eager clamor and often severe pressure have to be fought, and Congress "does things" when these calls for an aggregate of hundreds of millions of dollars are turned down, either in committee or on the floor. There would be interest and instruction also in mere statement of the total of all the demands, legitimate and otherwise, made on the purse every year. If all requests and desires were granted, we should have 600 or 700 million men, an enormously increased pension list, an infinity of public buildings, a billion-dollar waterway system, and the like. After all, the Congress is a fairly intelligent, fairly patriotic, and fairly industrious body, despite its failure to do all that is demanded by an Executive now said to be "disgusted."

SUPPRESSION OF RABIES.

How It Has Been Effected in England and Germany.

From a letter to the New York Sun.
This week I have been with intense interest blended with deep horror reading the profoundly painful newspaper record of a tragedy belonging to a category of horrors which, I am told, is very familiar in the United States.

I refer to the death from hydrophobia of Mr. William H. Marsh. Such an incident as this would be, I am thankful to say, now impossible in Britain. I remember the time when the victims of rabies were numerous. Lovely children especially were liable to be attacked by rabid dogs. Dreadful cases occasionally came under my own notice. The time came when the public outcry, heeded by the government in so practical a way that measures were taken on such a drastic scale that the evil was in a few months absolutely stamped out.

That policy was an exact imitation of the German method, which was known to have signally succeeded. The British government knows its own mind when once the mind is made up. An order was issued that all dogs should be muzzled when let outdoors. Any dogs found wandering unmuzzled unless led in leash by the owners were captured by the police and the owners were fined, or if the dogs could not be found the owners were killed. Of course, ladies fond of their lip dogs and other persons infatuated in a similar way did not fail to protest vociferously, but such recriminations had no effect on the authorities.

In an incredibly short time rabies was eliminated from Britain. If any suspicious case occurs in any county the order is renewed for another year, period, and also in all the counties surrounding it, until there is no longer room for fear or suspicion.

Admirable Woman.
From the New York Press.
There's nothing a man can admire more than a pretty woman in a pretty dress he didn't have to pay for.

A Sign of Greatness.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.
A man begins to have true greatness when he can look at cartoons of himself and be amused.

AT THE HOTELS.

George A. Shea, of Nome, and L. P. Shackelford, of Juneau, Alaska, delegates to the Republican national convention at Chicago, are at the Riggs. They said last night that a "rump" convention nominated other delegates and that there would be a contest between the two delegations which would have to be settled by the national committee. Messrs. Shea and Shackelford declared that they were the rightfully elected delegates, and that the others were not entitled to their seats. They said that Alaska was in favor of Taft, who, they said, would be nominated and elected.

"It is the height of injustice to prevent Porto Ricans from becoming citizens of the United States," said Judge Charles F. McKenna, of Philadelphia, at the National Hotel, last night. Judge McKenna is the first United States judge who ever presided over a court in Porto Rico, and he is full of praise for the good behavior of the inhabitants of the island.

"The Porto Ricans have no standing at all at present; they were glad to come in under the Stars and Stripes, and now the United States refuses to receive them as citizens or to accord them any rights as citizens. They are a loyal, thrifty, law-abiding people, and the United States has absolutely no excuse to offer for withholding from them the rights and privileges of citizenship. Porto Rico has a population of about 2,000,000, and murder is very rarely committed. On the other hand, take the city of Pittsburgh with a much smaller population and about 100 murders every year."

"There is no talk of annexation now," said Richard R. Mandeville,